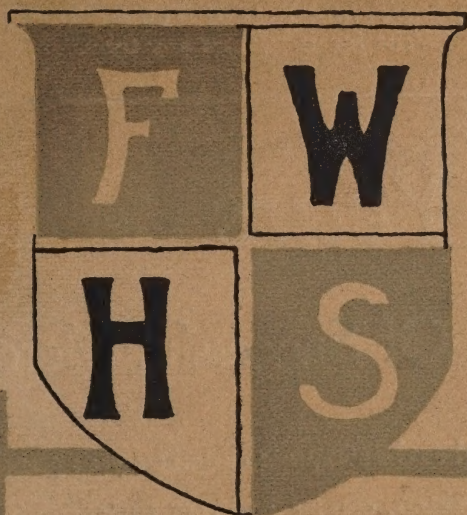


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NUMBER



May 1911



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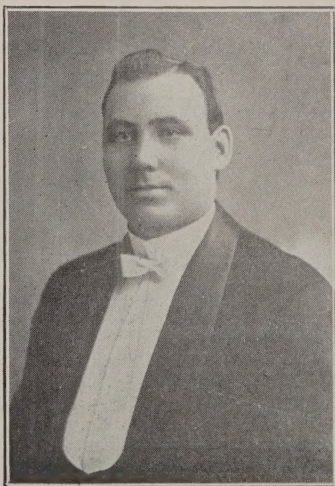
Two Irishmen were out hunting, with one gun between them. The man with the gun saw a bird on a twig and took careful aim at it.

"For the love of heaven, Mike," shouted the other, "don't shoot! The gun ain't loaded."

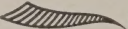
"Oi've got to," yelled Mike. "The bird won't wait."

A chauffeur wooed a suffragette,
Acquaintances report
That the turtle doves first met
One day in court.

Their married life, so runs the tale
Is happy and sublime;
For they are never out of jail
At the same time.



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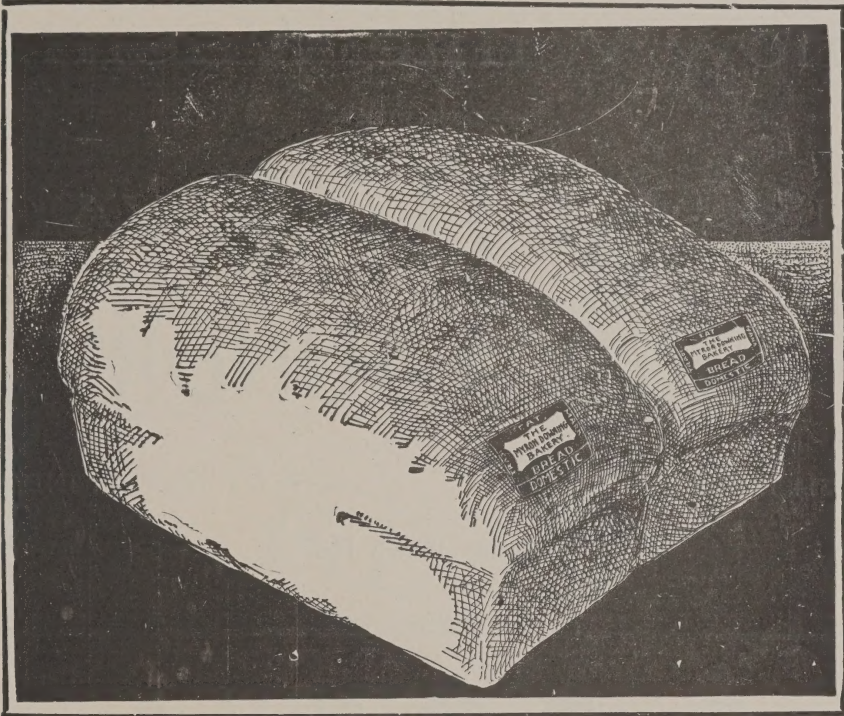
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Bill—"Say, look at those two guys following us. I shouldn't wonder if we'd be held up."

Jack (excitedly)—"Here, Bill, take that quarter I owe you."

"You H'Americans say we 'ave no humor," said the loyal Britisher, "but I'll 'ave you understand, sir, that H'English jokes are not to be laughed at."



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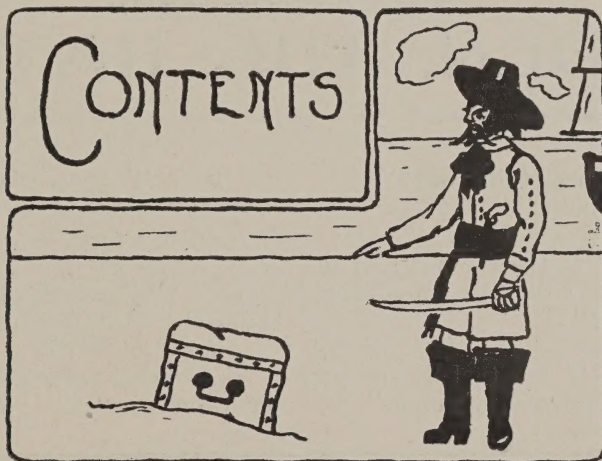
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GOLDEN, THE HATTER.

"What's the best thing out?"

"An aching tooth."

* * *

Mr. Carter—"Is there anyone in the class who has seen the new transformer at New Haven?"

No response.

Mr. Carter—"I don't believe you people have traveled very much."

"How is the best way to raise cabbage?"

"With a fork."

* * *

Ike—"What's the difference between a jeweler and a jailor?"

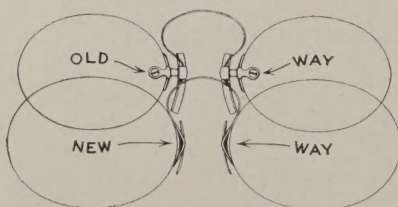
Abe—"Dunno."

Ike—"One sells watches and the other watches cells."

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The Necklace

Temple Arden smiled to himself, as he slowly ascended the shallow steps of a great house that fronted flush with the street, for he was thinking that twenty minutes of two on a warm spring morning, was a particularly pleasant, though not altogether peculiar time for certain classes of people to search for a diamond necklace, in an empty house, the occupants of which were just now a thousand miles out at sea. And why shouldn't he smile, he knew the lay of the land; he knew where the necklace was, and he also knew that the police would not patrol the silent street for over an hour. Temple blew a fragrant mouthful of cigarette smoke into the darkness, thrust a key into the lock of the great grim door, and entered.

From an inner coat pocket he extracted an electric bulb. With this in his hand he advanced, flashing the light on the walls, doors, and floors of the rooms, through which he passed. Without any difficulty he found the winding stairway that led to the rooms above, and was soon eagerly exploring the recesses of Mrs. Chesterton Howard Effington's private boudoir. As he walked leisurely and rather loudly across the room, his torch suddenly flared full into a frightened woman's

face. So sudden was the shock that Temple stood stunned, simply staring at the white face, the pale lips and the eyes black with terror.

Then the face turned from the spot of light, and Temple stood once more alone. Presently he gathered his wandering wits together and shifted his torch. The woman had slipped down into the spindle-legged rose and gold chair. Her head had fallen back, her eyes were closed. Temple flashed his light across the room, to the closed curtained window. Yes, the room was tightly curtained in from the outside world. There seemed to be no danger from anyone seeing his light from the street.

How beautiful the woman was! How graceful of form! How delicate of feature!

Temple was about to move her, when her eyes opened and fixed themselves on his face. His lips moved, but no sound came. He bent over her.

"Don't be afraid," he said quietly.

"I'm not," she said with an effort, and attempted to rise. As she did so something fell with a clinking rattle to the floor. Instantly Temple stooped with grave gallantry to pick it up.

Glittering rose and saffron sparks met the man's eager eyes. Into his

hand he gathered the diamond necklace, the object of his visit.

"Give me that chain," said the woman. She stretched out her hand, palm upward.

Temple retreated. The woman came close.

"I came here for that very chain," she cried.

"So did I," answered Temple, quietly.

"I must have it," the woman declared, passionately.

"So must I," answered Temple.

How dark everything was save for the thin point of light quivering on the opposite wall. How close the woman was. The street, how very still it seemed.

"Let us go down to the dining room and talk this over." The woman's voice was shaking.

Temple heard her move away from him. Should he risk following? Probably her confederates were down there.

"By all means let us go down stairs," said Temple.

Together they descended the broad stairs. Temple's stream of light rippled from one mosaic tread to another, overflowed to the one below, just before the green satin slipper of his unknown companion. Sometimes his light lighted upon her silken skirt as they moved slowly with perfect harmony of motion. The silence was oppressive. The jewels of the diamond necklace pressed the palm of Temple's hot hand.

As the two entered the dining room, the electric torch flashed upon a great,

gilded candelabrum, from whose cups sprang straight tall candles. The woman scratched a match against the table edge, and before Temple was aware of what she did the candles were flaring, flooding the big, rich room with mellow light.

"I wanted to see you," explained the strange woman. She braced herself against his steady stare. Temple stood erect, slender and debonaire in the golden glow, his auburn head tilted a little to one side. Suddenly his rather red mouth curved at the corners and his shoulders shook in silent mirth. Despite his humor the woman felt called upon to interrogate him.

"Why do you follow such a profession?"

"Why do you?"

"I am asking you."

Laughing lightly, he replied, "Because, dear lady, from my earliest youth when I stole my sleeping sister's bottle and partook of the contents, I have enjoyed this pursuit."

"Don't you long for better things?"

"Oh, yes. A necklace of rose diamonds is much preferable to an infant's bottle."

"Do you not want the respect of your fellows?"

"I have it. They think me quite clever. That is, in my line, as for honest men, do they exist? One or two, a deacon, perhaps, who puts two cents in the church drawer whenever he uses a stamped envelope belonging to his employer."

"Does—doesn't your conscience hurt you?"

"Lord love you, no. I never carry one. A conscience is an old fashioned nuisance."

The woman's lip quivered.

"What's wrong?" inquired Temple.

"Can't you see I am crying?"

"Why?"

"Oh! I don't know; you frightened me so upstairs. And—and its a pity that you, as fine and strong, as you are, can't follow something better than a coward's pursuit, crawling about in the night into other men's homes. Give me the chain and let me go, and you straighten up."

Temple sat down. A serious scowl cut a deep line between his brows. Slowly he placed the necklace on the table where the light fell full upon it.

With a gasp of relief the woman sat down opposite him.

"You are a gentleman," she said.

Temple leaned his head on his hand. He was trying to think. When he raised his clear boyish eyes to the woman, she warmed toward him. Her courage and confidence came crowding in a red rush from her heart to her lips, to her cheeks.

"Why are you concerned with the correction of my conscience?" he asked.

"Frankly, because I find myself admiring you."

"Ditto, can't I change your morals? say I'll pay you any amount of money for the necklace and you stop stealing."

"No! That will not do. I must and

shall have those diamonds. Of what earthly use can they be to you? I must have them. I tell you I must have them."

There was a sob in her voice, evidently her nerves were unstrung. She flung her bronze satin opera cloak across a chair.

"Didn't you have any luck at the theatre?" asked Temple. "Is that why you need this chain?"

She drew her brows together in a puzzled frown, and flashed her jeweled hand across the flaring candle flames.

"Do you know," snapped Temple suddenly, "we haven't progressed an inch. It is nearly time for the patrol to pass and ——."

The dining room door burst open and four policemen sprang into the room. Every muscle in Temple's athletic body tensed. The strange woman drew herself up stiffly and spoke.

"What is the meaning of this?"

"And who are you?" demanded the man addressed, insolently.

"I am lady Effington's sister, Clare Mathews. I am here for the purpose of procuring this necklace, which my sister's maid mislaid before they went abroad. And this gentleman beside me is my escort."

"I know her," said a man in plain clothes, edging into the room. "Please pardon us, but knowing the family were abroad, and considering the hour, we naturally thought the light meant one of two things—burglars, or the carelessness of a caretaker, so we made so bold as to force an entrance."

"That was quite correct," replied Temple.

The men bowed and filed out.

"Your bluff was the best bluff ever bluffed," cried Temple, "I really have a relation called Clare Mathews."

Clare's eyes blazed.

"You," she stormed, "Who are you?"

"I am Lord Effington's big brother. Know his hand writing? He sent me from the south to find the necklace."

"It's a lie."

"Here's the letter, lady, and now don't you think we had better depart?" He lifted the shimmery silk cloak to

Clare's shoulders.

"I don't understand yet. You are Temple Arden."

"Yes."

And I am Clare Mathews, yes I know I am she."

They stood before the stairs.

"Temple!"

"Well."

"We've got to go back to the dining room."

"Why?"

"We have forgotten the diamond necklace."

"Jove, you are right."

"Can I carry it?"

"Why of course."



THE PSALM OF BENCH LIFE.

(With apologies to Longfellow.)

Tell me not in boasting numbers,
That the bench with pleasure teems;
For the lounge gets no slumbers.
'Tis much harder than it seems.

Life is real, life is earnest,
'Tis not realized so much,
Till upon the bench thou learnest
That it's really, truly such.

Lives of bench-birds all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
If we let no teacher find us
Fooling 'way our precious time.

The Boy

The boy sat in silence, his head bowed. His face was white and wistful, while the weariness that shadowed his tear-dimmed eyes made him look strangely old and worn. The boy had met his first failure and the fall had left him dull and sick. Yesterday would not become tomorrow, and today seemed always yesterday.

"Ah, joy it is a timid thing,
And easily 'tis slain."

And joy seemed slain in the once happy heart of the boy. To him there was little left in life now, but his music. His violin lay across his lap. After a while the boy rose and tucked the beloved instrument under his chin. Then he softly swept his bow across the strings. As the low call carried through the room and drifted out of the open window into the bright breeze the familiar room vanished and before the boy—on a sun-warmed hillside in soft, sweet-scented grass lay a shepherd lad playing an oaten pipe. Nearby grazed his flock. The boy's face was sun-bronzed, even the brown of his hair seemed scorched and crisped. The breeze caught and carried snatches of his lively music in dancing wisps as it streamed from the hot heart of the flute.

"For life is gay and full of joy. All brightly soars the sun. My heart is beating high with hope. The day is just begun. The day is just begun. Come laugh with me, and call with me, while I sing this, my song."

So sang the flute in ecstasy.

And the shepherd boy's eyes were very bright and very black, and his cheeks puffed out in effort. But suddenly a shadow fell across his eyes. He

paused in his piping and glanced up to see a tall man, somber-cloaked, and sorrowful, looking down upon him. The man held a reed like the shepherd's in his hand.

"Dost thou play?" cried the boy sitting suddenly upright, his scarlet mouth parting over his moist shining teeth, his bright eyes sparkling.

"Aye, I play lad!" answered the man and he seated himself beside the young shepherd, flung back his cloak and pressed the pipe to his lips.

"Oh! aching weariness and heavy sorrow; somber and slow ye pass me by. I stretch out my yearning arms to joy only to enfold pain. I cry aloud to happiness, but thou answerest me. I lift up my hands to the sun's warmth, but thou pressest them. Long shadows shroud me. The day is done. Come mourn with me, I am forlorn."

So sang the pipe in sorrow.

The boy lay still in the grass his heart torn. The stranger sat staring into the valley below where the purple haze hung heavy, a sea of slow-drifting shadows. The silence was silvered by the sweet sound of sheep bells. The shepherd boy was very quiet; he was crying softly from sheer sympathy and sorrow. But at last he sat up and stretched out his hand to the sad-eyed stranger, who regarded him with brooding brows.

"Give me thy pipe," beseeched the lad, "and I will give thee mine, which I beg thee play upon."

The boy received the stranger's flute and putting it to his lips played his melody of mirth.

Muted was the music, and into the joy stole sorrow, and into the mirth,

bitterness, while into the life and love of it there came weariness.

The lad laid the pipe down. With lips slightly apart and eyes strained, he stared at the stranger.

"Play thou on my reed," he whispered, "and see what songs it sings for thee."

Again the weary wistful theme throbbed like a throat aching with sorrow and unshed tears. Into the weariness rushed warm red life; into the bitterness, mirth, and into the sorrow joy.

"Give me my pipe," cried the shepherd boy.

Eagerly he snatched it from the somber-shrowded stranger and lifted it to his lips. But before he had played many bars, his throat swelled, his eyes brimmed, and his mouth quivered so he could not play his pipe.

"What hast thou done to my flute?" he cried. "Hast thou breathed into it all thy sorrow that it should sob so?"

"Play on, lad," said the sad-eyed man.

Light wings seemed to beat upon the

fragrant air, the lilting liquid notes, clear and calm, embraced and clung in a warm clasp, as they flowed pulsing from the flute. The glowing song of golden gladness soared softly through the silent air, smoothing the silver of the sweet bells from the folded flock.

"Who art thou?" cried the boy radiant with the joy of the marvelous music. "Who art thou?"

But the man was gone.

The music of a violin sank softly into mellow nothingness. The player's bow poised still upon the hushed strings. And there remained nothing but the echo, "Who art thou?"

Who indeed but the master of men that sways to sorrow all living souls, that joy may be sweeter after the gall of sorrow, and sin.

The boy held his violin against his breast. Beneath his brows his tired eyes lighted. Many are the measures and many the melodies that make up the music of life.

"I understand," said the boy, "Why there must be yesterdays."

WHO?

Who works from morn 'till set of sun?
Who never can find time for fun?
And yet his work has just begun.
The Freshman.

Who in 18 doth seek repose?
And falls into a gentle doze.
And makes sweet music through his
nose?
The Sophomore.

Who must seem always very wise,
Prepared to give profound replies,
Whatever question may arise?
The Junior.

Who must not show that its a bore,
To study American hist'ry o'er
Begun five ages back or more?
The Senior.

Who must an even temper keep,
And hide his thoughts and feelings deep
To cheer up those who flunk and weep?
The Teacher.



THE CALDRON

Published monthly during school year by the students of the Fort Wayne High and Manual Training School, at Fort Wayne Ind.

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According to an ancient custom, the Junior class edits the Caldron one month in each year. This month's issue falls to the class of 1912. To each Junior this number is of special interest, as it foretells the fortunes of the Caldron during the coming year. The excellent articles that have filled the pages of the Caldron up to this time, make it difficult to maintain this high standard. The Juniors, however, trust that from the splendid response by members of the class, for original articles, the present issue will reflect credit upon the school as well as upon themselves. The staff thanks each one who has so cheerfully contributed to this month's issue.

The school paper should be dear to the heart of every High School student. We believe the Caldron is. Better than class entertainment, stunts, yells, etc., the paper shows the degree of school spirit, and marks the literary standing of the school. It aims to be not only entertaining, but at the same time to bring out the talents of members of the

school. The staff is enthusiastic and willing to work, but in this work each member of the class has his part in making the paper a success. We hope that we have made just the right combination of poems, stories, 'log,' anecdotes, jokes and all that make a High School paper complete, and that one and all will find enjoyment in reading the Junior issue of the Caldron.

* * *

The cover design of this issue is the work of Robert Learmouth, and the cut at the head of this department is that of Viola Welty. Each one shows artistic ability of a high order.

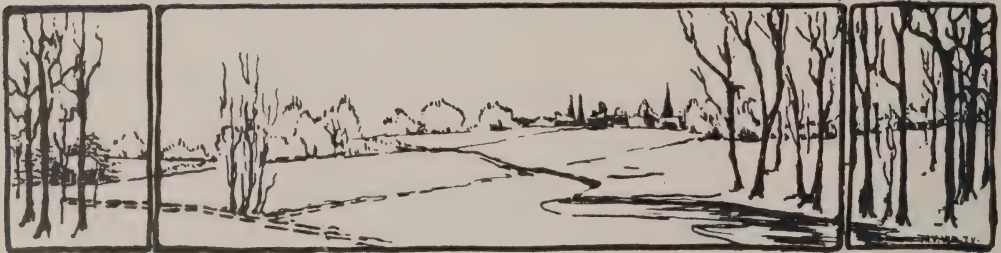
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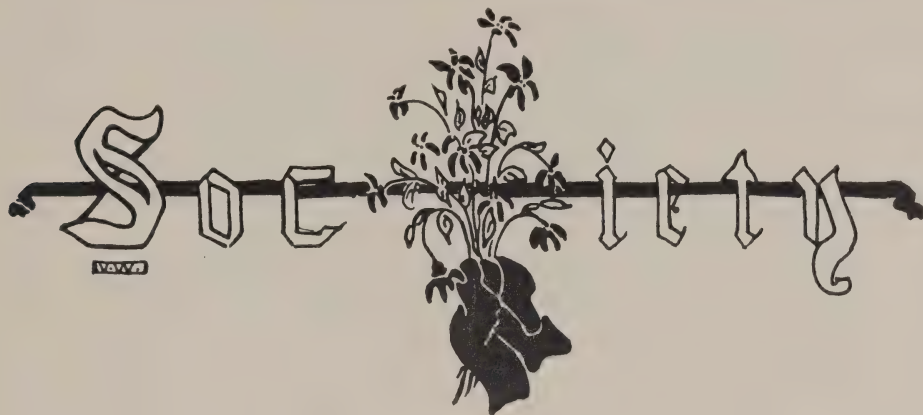
The Caldron boxes in the halls are

for use and not for ornament. On investigation they will prove to have four sides and a hollow space (generally vacant) within. If they were for ornament only, one side would be sufficient and more economical.

* * *

The newspapers say that the Hookworm is gradually making its way north. If the more common name of this germ is Spring Fever, we hope it will delay its arrival here for two months at least. We have none too much force as it is to satisfy our dear teachers. Should the Hookworm catch us before the close of the school year, there surely would be trouble all around.





Invitations have been issued for a ball to be given at the Minuet on April 21.

* * *

Miss Margaret Rhaeder gave a slumber party in honor of the Misses Helen Curdes, Mildred and Verne Bowser, while they were home on their vacations.

* * *

The Misses Julia Kelsey, Eva Smith and Margaret Rhaeder, and Messrs. Robert Weidgenant and Franklin Randall attended a house party in Huntington during the teachers' convention.

* * *

Miss Helen Miller delightfully entertained the H. A. girls at a "500" party Saturday afternoon, April 1, in honor of Gertrude Hayden, of Indianapolis.

Miss Julia Kelsey invited the same crowd to her home, April 15.

* * *

Miss Myrtle Graeter entertained a number of girls at her home, March 29, at a spread in honor of out-of-town guests.

Misses Helen Curdes, Mildred and Verne Bowser returned to National Park Seminary last week, after spending the spring vacation with their parents.

* * *

Miss Mary Menefee invited a number of guests to dinner on March 31, to help her celebrate her birthday.

* * *

Miss Helen Curdes gave a theatre party for a number of her friends on April 1. After the performance the guests went to Aurentz's for refreshments.

* * *

Miss Helen Ferguson entertained informally at her home, a few of the younger High School girls. A delicious lunch was served at the close of the afternoon.

* * *

Miss Agnes Mahurin held a reception on the evening of April 4, for the Seniors and the members of the Wabash Glee club, who gave an entertainment in the auditorium of the High School.



THE LOG OF THE GOOD SHIP CHESTER T. L.

Being an official record of her voyage of 1910-11.

March 23. Many steerage passengers are deeply grieved on account of the absence of Steward Jillson. It is feared that there will be many dunks when he returns.

March 24. Chaplain McCormick caused a little disturbance in cabin 18 the third period, by stumbling over a seat. He must have been deep in thought to have made such a break.

March 25. Everything serene. We are having such calm weather that we wonder when the storm will break.

March 26. For some unknown reason the lights went out for several periods. The chief engineer must have been asleep at the switch.

March 30. The first class passengers, under the direction of First Mate McMullen, made a brave plunge into the fathomless depths of Burke.

March 31. Why couldn't Mate Von Kahlden stay away in the forenoon? We suppose the reason is, that he hates to miss that third period class.

March 31. Pilot Lane informs his Latin class that they are wonders. (!)

April 3. Many steerage passengers

become seasick in saloon 33, on account of the severe tests.

April 4. Many passengers were surprised at the arrival of a number of stowaways, who turned out to be the members of the Wabash College Glee club.

April 5. Great rejoicing both by the passengers and the crew on account of several days shore leave.

April 10. Once more we set sail. Many wonder if they can refrain from seasickness during the rest of the long voyage.

April 10. One of the first class passengers, M. Ingham, reprimanded by Pilot Lane for bolstering sea-sick companion in saloon 20.

April 11. Chief Electrician Carter appeared with a new uniform. He must have noticed Chaplain McCormick.

April 11. Great commotion in cabin 18 on account of the absence of Steward Herring.

March 23-April 1. During the voyage several steerage passengers had severe quakes and nearly fell overboard, being frightened by the repeated "Bow-Wows" of Pilot Lane.

A True Story

Up the street the blast of the trumpets could be heard, announcing the approach of a circus parade. Mr. Smith, the president of a small bank, stepped to the door to watch the parade pass. It quickly passed, and Mr. Smith re-entered the bank. He stepped over to the vault to get some papers. To his astonishment and horror he discovered that some bonds, amounting to the sum of sixty thousand dollars, were missing. He was almost beside himself until he remembered that they were registered U. S. bonds.

He was just on the point of summoning the police, when he noticed a letter lying near the door. He opened it and read the following:

"If you will come to New York next Wednesday and bring three thousand dollars, we will return your bonds. Go to the Astor house and remain there. You must keep this matter a secret. You are being watched and if you communicate with the police or anyone else, you will never see the bonds again."

Mr. Smith pondered for a long time about the matter, but finally decided to take the chance.

That afternoon he boarded a train for

New York, with the money safely stowed away in his vest pocket. Next morning he left the train, took a cab and hurried directly to the Astor house. In a fever of excitement the poor man wandered restlessly about the hotel all the remainder of the day. The next day was even worse than the first. On the third day he came to the conclusion that he had been tricked. Accordingly he paid his bill and went to his room to get his suit case. To his surprise he noticed a letter slipped under the door. He opened it and read:

"We have been watching you all this time and believe that you are playing fair. At six o'clock this evening a carriage will drive up to the hotel. You will get in and ask no questions."

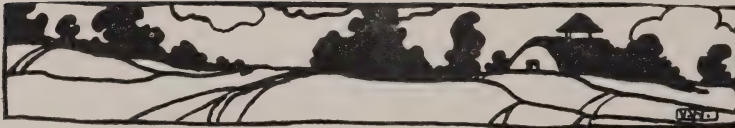
And sure enough at precisely six o'clock a closed carriage stopped in front of the hotel. With some misgivings Mr. Smith entered it. The driver took him through a great many streets, until Mr. Smith was completely lost. At last the carriage stopped before a plain-looking house in the outskirts of the city.

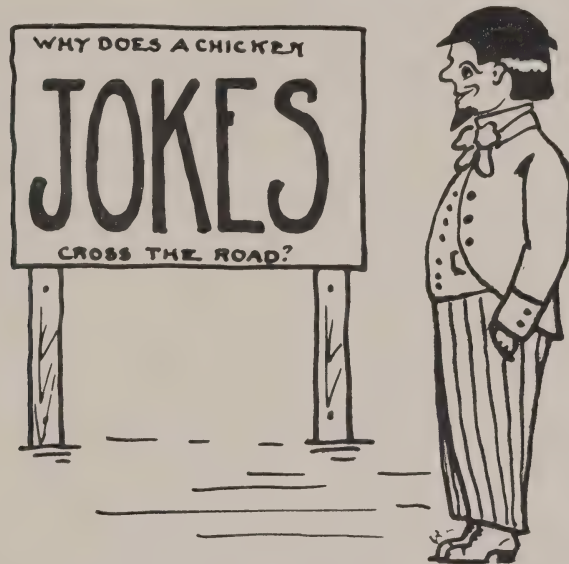
He descended from the carriage and went into the house, which to his amaze-

ment, he found to be magnificently furnished. After a moment, two men came into the room. Both of them in appearance and conversation were perfect gentlemen. They sat down, Mr. Smith drew forth his money, and received all but seven of the bonds. "We will mail you the other bonds," said one, "as we haven't them with us at present. They then threw open a door, and invited

him to take dinner with them. After he had enjoyed a splendid dinner, he was driven back to the hotel, and left for home that night. The second day after his return home he received a letter containing the other bonds. He never told the police about his experience and to this day, has never learned anything further.

A. B.





Mistress—"I'm sorry you're going to leave, Marie. Are you going to better yourself?"

Marie—"No, Ma'am, I'm going to get married."

* * *

"Ha," shouted the rich man peering cautiously over the stairs, "I want you."

"Well," chuckled the burglar, reaching for the silver, "I'm at your service."

* * *

"That sentence is not incorrect," said the professor, "but it sounds oddly to the English-speaking ear."

* * *

Policeman—"Do you have to take care of the dog?"

Nurse Girl—"No, the missus says I'm too young and inexperienced. I only look after the children."

A German politician was speaking to his fellow Germans at a political meeting.

"My dear fellow citizens unt fellow Shermans: I don't want to say noddling about nobody, but look at dem Irish in the Tenth ward, vot haf day got? Paved streets; unt vot haf we got? Mut! Mut! Now my fellow citizens unt fellow Shermans, vot I vish to say is dis: Come let us put our heads together unt make a block pavement!"

* * *

Two Jews stopped on the street to talk to each other, one wearing a large diamond tie pin.

He—"I hear that all old maids with big mouths will be married this year."

She—"Oh!"

He—"I mean little mouths."

She—"oh."

"Solomon," said one, "that is a fine diamond you have. Where did you get it?"

Moses—"Well, my brother Ike died and left \$250 for a stone. This is the stone."

* * *

When Sir Thomas Lipton was an industrious, but far from wealthy young man in this country, he had an experience with a burglar. He was awakened one night by the consciousness that there was a stranger in his room.

"Who's that?" he demanded.

"Sh-h-h," exclaimed the burglar.

"Don't move or I'll shoot. I'm looking for money."

"Wait a minute," said Lipton calmly, "I'll get up and help you."

* * *

While a visiting physician was inspecting the city insane hospital, an inmate, a mild case, approached him and asked:

"I beg pardon, sir, but have you a piece of toast?"

"No," said the doctor in surprise, "but I can get you a piece if you want it badly."

"Oh, I wish you would. I'm a poached egg, and I want to sit down."

* * *

Mr. Ward says Room 18 ought to be the happiest room in the building, because it has Joy and Delight all the time.

* * *

Woodmen, fell that tree
Spare not a single bough,
I carved a girl's name there,
I love another now.

* * *

V. T. (at the Glee club.)

"He is going to sing a solo all alone."

12 B German Translation: He sat on a calm summer evening before the door of his house.

* * *

"You attended the lecture last night?"

"Yes."

"What did the lecturer talk about?"

"He didn't say."

* * *

Freshman—"Who is the smallest man mentioned in history?"

Sophomore—"I give up."

Freshman—"Why the Roman soldier who slept on his watch."

* * *

Tramp—"Will you give me a few pennies for a bed?"

Goldstein—"Sure, where's the bed?"

* * *

"What makes a lamp-chimney smoke?"

"Because it can't chew."

* * *

E. Hattersley (translating German).

"Looking over the trees at my feet I saw a village."

* * *

V. Thompson (translating German).

"No, No," he assented, nodding his head."

* * *

Mr. Carter (to Howard C. who was out of his seat), "Say Carter where do you live?"

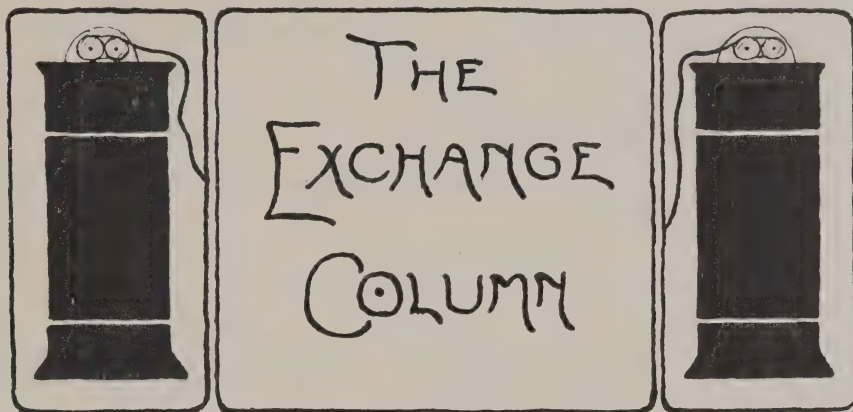
Howard—"E. Creighton Ave."

* * *

L. Swager (in German).—"Oh, Hans if you could only saw yourself."

* * *

B. A. (in German).—"There was a more drunkener man."



We received a number of fine papers this month. Among the best are:

Review Shamokin, Pa., (March)—Although you have some advertisements in the front, yourself, the full page table of contents gives a paper a finished appearance. The exchange column is particularly well edited, but you surely have enough athletics to make a separate department, and it would greatly improve your paper.

Kodac, Everett, Wash., (March)—This number is certainly a fine one. Every detail carries out the St. Patrick's day idea. You are indeed fortunate in reaching your agreement with the business men. Your idea of boosting them in the next edition of the paper shows your appreciation of their kind offer.

Collegian, St. Thomas, Ont., (March)—Several stories would greatly improve your paper. The department headings are missing and a number of cuts would liven up your paper.

Said and Done, Muskegon, Mich., (Feb.)—Your paper shows the presence in the school of a number of poets. The exchange column is unique and original.

* * *

Argus, Findlay, Ohio, (March).—The departments are well developed, but you need a short story or two. A cut

at the head of each department would give a well balanced appearance to the paper.

Our other exchanges were:

Crimson, Goshen, Ind.
Mercerburg Literary Magazine.
Sesbrian Herald, Frederick, Md.
Whims, Seattle, Wash.
Pennant, Mesiden, Conn.
Ink Spots, Mason City, Iowa.
Gale Pennant, Galesville, Wis.
Pennant, Elkhart, Ind.
Mountaineer, Butte, Mont.

EXCHANGE JOKES.

She—"Is my hat on straight?"

He—"No, one eye still shows."

* * *

You can lead a horse to water,
But you can not make it drink.
You can ride a Latin pony.
But you can not make it think.

* * *

Pa, (from upper landing to daughter who is entertaining steady in the parlor.)—"Frances, what time is it?"

Frances—"I don't know, father, the clock isn't going."

Pa—"How about George?"

* * *

Servant (knocking on bedroom door)—"Eight o'clock, eight o'clock."

Sleep Guest—"Too bad, better see a doctor."

WHEN YOU

boys and girls
become
men and women
Remember the Ætna

CHARLES W. ORR, General Agent.

132 E. Berry Street.

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Paid to policy holders \$200,000,00.00. Assets \$100,000,000.00

Life Insurance in force \$300,000,000.00.

(Chartered in 1820)

Teacher—"What is a polygon?"

Pupil—"A poly-gone is a dead par-
rot."

Latin Trans: His hair stood erect
with horror, and his voice clung to his
jaws.

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Importers and Dealers in

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"We will please You."

Phone 165

Banner Laundering Co.

425-431 E. Columbia St.

High Grade Work.

VACUUM RUG CLEANING

Whatever trouble Adam had,
 No man could make him sore,
 By saying, when he told a joke,
 "Why, I'd heard that joke before."

"I've a few more points to touch
 upon," said the professor of horticulture
 as he awkwardly climbed the fence
 at the foot of the apple orchard.

Artist Supplies

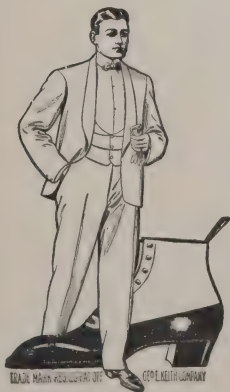
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MENS AND BOYS OUTFITTERS

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BEN LEHMAN PROP.

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Prosecuting Attorney—"Your honor, the sheriff's bull pup has gone and chawed up the court Bible."

Judge—"Well, make the witness kiss the bull pup, then. We can't adjourn court just to hunt up a new Bible."

Freshman—"What part of history do you think is the hardest?"

Senior—"Stone age, I guess."

M. Giles—I think all should be made to vote; for two reasons: one—because that would make everyone vote.

* * *

"Your wife insists on being allowed to vote?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Meekton. "She's not content with having the last word in a political argument. She wants to go to the polls and put in a postscript."



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HULL

 **WALL PAPER** 

House and Sign Painting, Frescoing. Tinting a Specialty.

613 Clinton Street.

613 Clinton Street.

Home Phone 250.

Son—"Pa, what is the rest of that quotation, beginning, 'Truth is mighty—?' "

Pa—"Scaree, I reckon."

I like to get letters,

But the sweetest, by heck,
Are those that begin:

"Enclosed, find a check."

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FEW FEET east from the TRANSFER CORNER

A negro was arrested in Atlanta on a charge of vagrancy, and was brought before the judge.

"Why, Sam, is this you? What have they arrested you for?"

"Nothin', Jedge, 'ceptin' fragrancy."

First Lawyer—"What do you consider the best proverb to suit the conditions of your career?"

Second Lawyer—"Where there's a will there's a lawsuit."

Teacher—"What is an allegory?"

Pupil—"I don't know, but there's one at the zoo."

S—well kids.

E—very one a "booster."

N—othing lacking.

I—gnorance unknown.

O—n the top notch.

R—ight there with the goods.

S—eniors!!

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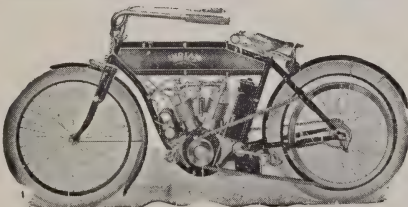
LOUIS F. AUMANN,

920 Calhoun Street.

Mrs. Jones—"Tommy, come here and take the parrot downstairs; your father has lost his collar button."

Kind friend—"What struck you most at school, Johnny?"

Johnny—"The teacher, sir."



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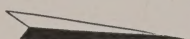
In ancient times Italian youths
On hillsides piped their lay;
But now they're doomed in city streets
To laying pipe all day.

Boys come to school to improve their
faculties. Teachers are faculties. Con-
clusion: Boys come to school to improve
their teachers.

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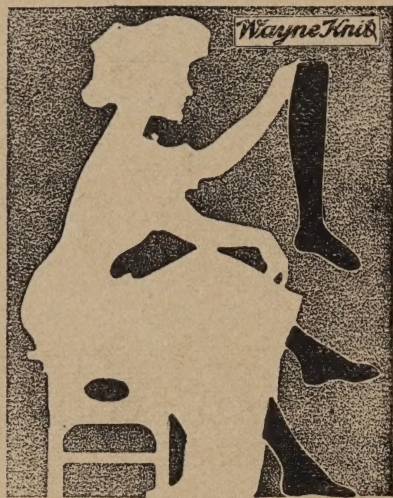
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